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SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 6, 1886.

Some men's boots are more brilliant than  
their intellects.The Tammany wigwag is in mourning  
for its great sachem.The latest society kink in Washington is  
a "cart" drawn by, and driven by, a donkey.The friends of the different congressional  
aspirants are quietly righting up the fences  
of their favorites.If the botanical name and the "proper  
thing, you know," for chestnut is *castanea*,  
what's the botanical name for rats?Henry Ward Beecher is today enjoying  
the rare privilege of reading up his own  
obituary, many of them strongly flavored  
with epitaph.The one and only White House wedding  
has almost ceased to attract attention.  
Like other important events, it has already  
been swallowed up in the swirl of American  
activity.The press of the country has been very  
nice toward President Cleveland and his  
bride, and said no end of handsome things  
about the wedding. But everybody is  
profoundly glad that it's over. The affair  
threatened strongly to become a cleftstick.The citizens' committee which has been  
appointed for the purpose of securing, if  
possible, the location of the new Soldiers'  
Home in Springfield is made up of some of  
the best men for that work in the city, and  
some good results may be expected from  
the committee's work.The following pleasant editorial para-  
graph from the *Bellefontaine Examiner*  
is reproduced here because it presents ad-  
ditional considerations to those contained in  
the article alluded to:We print, in this issue of the *Examiner*, a  
well conceived and thoughtfully expressed  
article on "Home Life," from the Springfield  
journal. It embraces the true ideas  
of what the home of an enlightened and lib-  
erty loving people should be—that they must  
be, indeed, if liberty is to endure in any land—  
a seat of moral duty, sympathy, and affection,  
and nurseries of morality, virtue, and refine-  
ment. The domestic life of a nation, in all  
situations, for better or for worse, are de-  
pendent upon the character of our American  
homes. Read the article we speak of, and give  
it thought.The *Journal of Medicine*, Pa., says:  
In 1881, Charles W. McCune, proprietor of the  
Buffalo Office, was married to Miss Wells. A  
year later he died. By his will he gave to his  
widow a fortune of \$50,000 and to a young man  
named George Blestein, a large block of stock  
in the *Journal of Medicine*, naming him as executor  
of the estate and manager of the *Journal*. Now  
young Blestein has married the widow and her  
and his wife are owners of one of the finest  
printing offices in the world, and he is the edi-  
tor and manager of the *Journal of Medicine*, a pri-  
vately owned democratic newspaper. Ten years  
have come into the *Journal* since its creation.  
He is only 29 years of age now.John McLaren, of this city, knows Blestein  
very well and has given us some inter-  
esting points about him. When he was an  
office boy he did just what Mr. McCune told  
him to do—and nothing else, and kept a  
close mouth. He obeyed orders, strictly.  
While Mr. McCune was absent, on a cer-  
tain occasion, his associate began to order  
the boy about, but he refused to obey. On  
McCune's return Blestein was complained of,  
but the associate was told that he was  
under obligations to obey a subordinate.  
Blestein has minded his own business, and  
nothing else, and minded it mightily well, all  
his life, and this fact accounts for his re-  
markable success.

Anarchy Accomplished For.

Ten thousand families in Chicago are  
without the Bible. This means that 300,  
000 to 500,000 people in the city named are  
without religious or even moral instruction.  
They have neither the Old Testament, ac-  
cepted in common by Hebrews, Catholics  
and Protestants, nor the New Testament,  
accepted by the two last-named religions  
as the word and rule of life.This fact in itself might be safely  
considered to be one of the causes  
of the recent disturbances in  
Chicago. Men of no moral character or  
principles, who have no sense of what is  
right and no regard for it, cannot be ex-  
pected to act the part of good citizens.  
They are the men who, when opportunity  
offers, or can be forced, break out in riotous  
conduct and destroy life and property. This  
was most significantly true at Chicago, for  
the bloody anarchists openly denied God  
as well as man. And whatever pretensions  
men may make, when they do this, they are  
bad citizens. The laws of the country are just  
and framed for the protection of the people  
in the exercise of their plain rights and  
privileges, and the men who rise in rebellion  
against the authorities and make war upon  
their fellow citizens and their possessions,  
are public enemies. And other men of posi-  
tion and property, who are intelligent  
enough to know better, who defy the laws  
by running their machinery on Sunday, are  
by no means guiltless.The laws of the land are consistent with  
the enactments of the great lawgiver of  
Israel and with the rules laid down by the  
author of the Christian religion, and we  
may as well accept the fact that those who  
are ignorant of—and certainly those who  
defy—the laws of Moses and of Christ are  
not the stuff of which good citizens are  
made. If men rebel against the  
laws of God they will  
not respect the laws of men. What Chi-  
cago needs is a thorough distribution of  
Bibles, and a general system of Bible read-  
ing by experts, with instruction. The poor  
ignorant dupes of the socialist demagogues  
should be visited by warm-hearted, humane  
people, and reasoned with and instructed  
in the foundation principles of moralityand virtue, and in the principles of our free  
government and free institutions. Why  
should these poor wretches be left to  
such soundings as Parsons, and Spies, and  
Moss, whose only influence on them is to  
lead to lawlessness and violence, and to  
murder to their own impoverishment and  
personal injury? This element in all cities  
should be reached by the better classes of peo-  
ple, by those who do regard law and have  
an intelligent knowledge and appreciation  
of our American civilization, and especially  
by church members and religious workers,  
of all schools and sects. And especially  
should the young be gathered into  
clusters and taught and trained to become  
good men and women, and useful and not  
dangerous—members of the body politic.  
If this is not what Providence has placed  
religious people in the world for, then we  
have no conception of what Providence in-  
tends concerning them. Herein may be  
found a wide opening for vitally useful  
work, and the sooner religious people enter  
upon it the better it will be for them and  
for the country.

## CONGRESSIONAL TIMBER.

What Harry Lutz Has to Say About Possi-  
ble Candidates in the Eighth District.Harry E. Lutz, of the *Cincinnati Daily  
Press*, chairman of the republican commit-  
tee of Pickaway county, and formerly a  
Wittenberg student, attended the congres-  
sional committee meeting here and makes  
the following interesting remarks about  
possible candidates, in his paper:"After the adjournment of the meeting  
a general conversation was entered into on  
the subject of the possible candidates. A.  
L. Wright, of Bellefontaine, said: 'Logan  
county has Gen. Kennedy, Judge Lawrence,  
and Judge West. I suppose they are all  
possible candidates. I tried to get Kennedy  
to say whether or not he would be a candi-  
date, but failed to get him to commit him-  
self. I think he will enter the race, and I  
think he will get the Logan county dele-  
gation.'An Urbana man said: 'We have Elche-  
ber and Cowell as possibilities although  
neither is openly seeking the nomination.  
General Kennedy and General Keller both  
have friends in Chapman county and could  
secure delegates there.'D. F. Service, of Springfield, said: 'I  
have talked to both Keller and Hennell.  
Neither would admit that they wanted the  
nomination, although their manner indi-  
cated that they were in the hands of their  
friends. I don't think we will have the  
contest we had two years ago. The single  
issue has been mentioned as a possible candi-  
date, but I don't think he will enter the  
fight.'A number of Springfield men said: 'Gen.  
Keller will have many friends this year  
that he did not have two years ago. A re-  
action set in after he was defeated at the  
primaries, and the people seem to feel that  
he is a statesman of more than ordinary  
weight. His course two years ago was  
manly, and made many friends among them  
who were not inclined to be friendly at  
first. Boynton, the man who vilified Keller  
the most, is a mugwump and voted against  
Haine, and has no support here in fighting  
either Haine or Keller.'Fred Webster, of London, said: 'Wilson  
and Locke may both possibly be in the  
congressional race, although neither has said so  
openly. They would likely divide our dele-  
gation.'No candidates are yet on record as being  
in the field, but there is a strong probability  
of every county except Pickaway having  
a couple of aspirants. Clark county and  
native boys gliding about the islands in  
the distance, the birds, and the very sky,  
all had a strange and interesting appearance.In about two hours we reached the island  
of the caves, seven miles distant from Bona-  
bay, in a straight line. We had to climb  
about two hundred steps to reach the top  
of the hill. Here we spent between two  
and three hours exploring the caves, gath-  
ering flowers, and shells, and seeing and  
hearing all that was open to these senses.  
Read a good cyclopedia of Bayard Taylor  
for description of these caves. The island  
is beautiful, and in a state of preserva-  
tion. The work of the ancient inhabi-  
tants far surpassed our expectations, and is  
well worth going to see. While we were  
on the island the boatmen had been cooking  
their curry and rice, and were ready to eat  
just as we started back. There was no  
wind, it was nearly noon, and as  
they could not row and eat at once,  
they ate, and no one rode or rowed. For  
three-quarters of an hour we were at the  
cave of the elements, and our boatmen  
that we made any progress at all, while  
those men sat about an immense bowl as  
happy as children, stuffing their yellow  
mess into their mouths. Then they had  
one, with a contented grunt they washed  
their hands in the Arabian sea, took to the  
oars and laid out their strength in a way  
that made their bodies shine. We suffered  
very much from the heat in spite of our  
large umbrellas, fans, and cool hats, and  
wet cloths upon our heads, and were glad  
when we reached the city and found our  
carriage waiting for us. We jumped into it,  
it paid the head man of the crew,  
and were rapidly on our way, while the  
howling mob. The remainder of the after-  
noon was given to business and to packing  
our trunks to be sent on to Calcutta. We  
took the evening train for Agra. This is  
the only railway connection between Bona-  
bay and Calcutta, and as we wanted to go  
to Agra it suited us to have no other. But  
oh! the horrors of that first night! Shut in  
a pen, yes, a pen! and not very clean,  
either, about forty five feet, four feet  
high, with considerable baggage (for the  
railway furnishes no bedding whatever),  
the heat intense, the cinders flying about  
like flakes in a snow storm; but more than  
all these, a native woman, with a sick child  
and a large bundle containing decayed  
fish. We had no objection to the woman  
and child, if they had been clean, but the  
odor was almost more than we could  
endure.For a while we made the most of our  
situation, but sleep was impossible and after  
several hours, I think the funniest remark  
that ever was made could scarcely have  
brought a smile to the faces. So the first  
night wore no by far the worst of the five  
spent in crossing India. The next morning  
four dejected and very untidy women  
changed cars at Arrambad. Having over  
an hour to wait, we time gave us, we re-  
freshed ourselves inwardly and outwardly, and  
to explore the town a little. It is a  
pretty place noted for its temples.When we started again we secured much  
more comfortable quarters, reserved to our-  
selves and were in a humor to enjoy the  
day.In spite of the fact that there are almost  
no conveniences or comforts on an India  
railroad, that there are many disagreeable  
things, that there is no conductor to look  
after you; no one to care whether you go  
or stay. There are also many pleasant things,  
and every mile of the overland journey is  
full of interest. The country literally  
swarms with people. They themselves,  
their occupation, their manner of life and  
religious worship, their houses, the sky, the  
animals and birds—all seen from the car  
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At every station are gardens nicely laid  
out with walks and beds of beautiful plants  
and flowers. We were allowed to get off and  
pick all we wanted provided we got on the  
train in time, which was always done. If it  
had not stopped we reached out for what  
we wanted. The railroad is thronged with  
natives at this time of year going to andACROSS INDIA BY RAIL.  
An interesting letter from an old Spring-  
fielder.The following letter was written by Miss  
Nettie Pussell, missionary to Assam, India,  
to a friend in this city. Miss P.'s home is  
near Dornellville, this county, and her  
many friends here would read an account of  
her journey with the greatest pleasure, and  
to whom she cannot possibly write person-  
ally. Miss P. started from Springfield Sep-  
tember 1, and from New York, September  
23, 1885. This document relates the trip from  
Bombay to Nowgong:Nowgong, Assam, India, 1.  
March 30, 1886. 1Dear— About 9 o'clock on the  
morning of November 5, 1885, we left the  
steamship "Asia," and hurrying out of the  
hot sun into the custom house, bade adieu to  
a part of our company, and after securing  
the officers that we had neither tobacco,  
cigars nor whisky in our trunks, drove on  
through the hot, dusty streets of Bombay  
to the Victoria hotel. After nearly six  
weeks of steamship life and seasickness the  
quiet of our hotel was appreciated as never  
before. Though it was warm, and sleep  
was almost impossible, it was refreshing to  
have plenty of room to move about; to sit  
on something stable, and to hear no  
loud, no small, no odor of machinery.  
The hotels of India are one great or two  
stories high, but the rooms are large in pro-  
portion to the heat, ceilings twenty-five to  
thirty feet high. In the spacious  
dining room, with its immense  
table and chairs, sitting over  
with servants all in white and moving about  
noiselessly in their bare feet, we rested  
and ate our first curry and rice with the  
most delicious tropical fruits.After a two o'clock dinner, we drove to  
the "Towers of Silence," and the governor's  
residence on Malabar Hill. The Towers  
are not towers in our sense of the term,  
but simply a high building on a high hill,  
where the Parsees place the bodies of their  
dead. In about ten minutes the culture  
have left nothing but the bones. These  
they burn inside the towers and preserve  
the ashes. The governor's residence, with  
acres of beautifully laid out grounds sloping  
down to the sea in a tropical palace. Can  
you imagine a picture?We drove home by another route,  
I'm sure that I never spent so much time in  
any other city where I saw so little poverty  
and so much wealth. The clean streets,  
the neat buildings, the parks with their  
trees, plants and flowers, and especially the  
groves of palm trees, and sunset on the sea,  
all had a charming appearance to the tired  
travelers. It was day after day, and  
though there were fireworks at night, the  
quiet of our rooms were more inviting  
than anything offered in the heat and dust  
of a crowded street.After an almost sleepless night Miss Van  
Meter and I started at six a. m. for the Ele-  
phant Caves. One who has not traveled in  
the east can have little idea of native cus-  
toms and especially of native noise.  
If anything there  
are forty men on hand, but each wants the  
other to do the work, and all want the  
buckskin. All talk at once and loud as  
they can. Miss V. and I encountered this  
difficulty on the morning in question, but  
we were very decided in our action, and  
wasted no words, since we could not talk.We took a little sail boat manned by  
seven natives. These were a Thos and  
the sea was quite rough, and we went  
rolling about rather rapidly. However, we  
had no fear. The city was different from  
any other we had seen; the many large  
cannoes at anchor, the smaller boats, and  
native boats gliding about the islands in  
the distance, the birds, and the very sky,  
all had a strange and interesting appearance.In about two hours we reached the island  
of the caves, seven miles distant from Bona-  
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At every station are gardens nicely laid  
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had not stopped we reached out for what  
we wanted. The railroad is thronged with  
natives at this time of year going to andfrom their to some places, and forests,  
and you never, of finding them.We reached Agra about sundown on Sun-  
day evening November 8, 1885, two days  
and two nights from Bombay, with scarcely  
more than two hours waiting at the way  
station from the Lahore House, but no at  
the depot, and so we were whirling away  
through a choking, blinding dust. But  
when we reached our hotel, with its large,  
cool rooms, beautifully furnished, its bath  
rooms with plenty of soap and water, its  
wide, clean white beds, it seemed as though  
we had found a paradise. Here was quiet  
rest for two nights. We were up early on  
Monday morning, and from that till late  
Tuesday evening we did not lose a minute.  
We visited the Taj by sunrise, by sunset,  
by midday, by day light, and between  
times.I spent one afternoon at "The Fort," one  
forenoon at the tomb of "Imad-ul-Dah,"  
and drove to Sikandra, five miles distant,  
to visit "Akbar's" tomb. At "The Fort" we  
saw the supposed ashes of Lornmonth,  
which reminded us of "White Collins."  
"There is nothing in it," said the guide,  
"there is no attempt at a description."  
Read Bayard Taylor. It cannot be told:  
you must see it. The Taj is indeed a  
"marvel." We stood and gazed and  
looked and looked again. Its beauty grew  
upon us. It seemed a real fairy land. But  
the ladies took another form when they  
beheld us in the hot dusty streets with  
the only white dress, their Benares and  
Cashmere veils, and their pretty  
Cashmere shoes.We left Agra by the evening  
train November 10th. The temperature  
fell rapidly and we sometimes suffered with  
the cold. We were not more than  
than sitting room, so we could not sleep.  
We passed near Lucknow, through Caw-  
pore and within a couple of miles of Benares,  
very early in the morning we changed cars  
at Allahabad. There is an immense depot  
with a crowd of people, and an immense  
difference in cultivation and buildings  
from western India. A rather com-  
fortable train, with a rather com-  
fortable day and a better night. On  
Thursday morning we reached Calcutta.  
Our agent met us with home mail, the first  
in almost two months. We carried for north  
in the evening, and we were in Calcutta  
hotel, Russell street. The weather was  
pleasantly cool and well for us that it was  
for a week of hard work in the way of busi-  
ness and shopping awaited us. This work  
was enough at home, where you know  
much to pay for it; but in a strange city,  
ignorant of places and prices, with the  
confusion found among natives of dif-  
ferent countries, it is doubly hard. They  
run after you in the street for a quarter of  
a mile, holding up their wares and calling  
to you through the carriage windows.  
They always ask many times what an article  
is worth and what they expect to re-  
ceive for it. We visited the "China  
Bazaar." The English shops are very  
good. We went into a crystal palace that  
seemed to us next thing to the Taj. It  
surpassed anything in "Arabian Nights."  
The china, crockery and glassware are every  
description were perfect in manufacture  
and in arrangement. But besides the glass  
furniture—chairs, sofas, beds, tables—every  
bit glass, with canopies, bangles, and the  
riches of cardinal and blue glassware, and  
Oh, we wanted to spend a month there. We  
had the privilege of sitting on one of the  
sofas. We ventured to ask the price of  
one chair: only ten thousand dollars! The  
Hindoo rajahs are the only people who use  
such things. With the assistance of Mr.  
Sykes, No. 1 Grant's lane, our shopping  
got on very well; when we were tired, we  
were every day, we were sure of cool,  
refreshing rest at night. If ever you go to  
Calcutta, put up at this hotel; if you want  
help, call upon Mr. Sykes, agent. The  
cool, quiet ways he used in dealing with the  
natives will be a good lesson for you.We did not neglect whatever, except to  
drive to "Eden Garden," one evening on  
our way home. This is a blessing to the  
city, rightly named. Here thousands of  
people are to be found every evening feast-  
ing their eyes, resting their bodies and dis-  
tending their minds. It is a place of  
pleasure to very excellent music.On Sunday we went to Dr. Thoburn's  
church, the first we had heard since leaving  
New York. Dr. T. is an Ohio man, and is  
rightly named. He is a man of great  
sympathy and of great energy. He is a  
man of great sympathy and of great energy.  
Some other friends from northern Ohio  
called upon us at home. You know how  
we were to meet acquaintances in a strange  
place. Well, it seems a little more so to  
meet them on the other side of the world.  
On Sunday evening we went to the  
"Lail Bazar Baptist Chapel," where  
Judson was baptized. The best  
part of the service was a half-  
hour praise meeting in the yard.Leaving Calcutta at noon of the 17th of  
November we spent the afternoon on the rail-  
road, then took a little steamer for an hour,  
having dinner by the way. We then took  
the train for the night, not knowing just  
when we would have to change, but in the  
morning we were lying abed admiring the  
beauty of the scenery, when there was a  
sudden stop, and looking out we found we  
had reached the end of the railroad. It  
dropped off in a sudden way. The train  
was a scrambling, and without our boots  
buttoned and faces washed we hurried to  
the river bank. There in a little native  
boat we took our "cholera" of boiled  
rice and meat, and while the boatmen  
saw us peeped over the hill and the  
crows cawed at us. Crossing  
the river we took the railroad again for  
about three hours, then another rowboat,  
and then a train again until almost dark.  
This brought us to the Brahmaputra, where  
we took a small steamer called the "Fox."  
About three hours' ride on this, and break-  
fast served in the meantime. I'm sure I  
was never so hungry before, and how I did  
eat! Fish, cutlet, vegetables, rice, and cur-  
ry, and bread, butter and jam. It was so  
good! This little barge (?) brought us to  
the large mail steamer, and our trip up the  
river was a most comfortable one. The  
sail of the India is so sandy that in many places the rail-  
road can only be built in short pieces, while in  
other not at all. The course of the  
B. is never the same two years  
succession. The position of the  
banks varies from two to three miles. It  
is wide but very shallow; for this reason we  
had to take on a new pilot every few hours.  
The river is so winding that we could not  
see before us more than a quarter of a mile  
at a time. Some of the passengers  
shot a number of crocodiles. The weather  
was so cold that the warmest clothes were  
necessary. The moon full, the scenery  
beautiful and pretty, the sunsets surpassed  
any we had ever seen. The views of the  
snow-capped Himalayas were fine as any  
one could desire. Three days and nights of  
this kind of travel, with a stop-off of three  
days at Gouhati, to see some friends,  
brought us to Nialm, a small station, on  
November 24. Then a thirty-two mile  
drive in our pony cart, requiring part of  
two days, stopping over night. Our road  
lay through the wildest and most romantic  
country. Tropical scenes of every descrip-  
tion, pretty as a picture; tiger jungles, cool  
and dark; but we did not spend much time  
here. We found out afterwards that we had  
been in greater danger than we thought.  
Notwithstanding this, this drive into  
Nowgong on the 25th is a journey well  
worth the while.

Very sincerely,

NETTIE PUSS-ELL.

Purity Your Mood.

Among spring preparations, do not neglect  
that which is most important of all—  
your own body. During the winter the  
blood absorbs many impurities, which, if  
not expelled, are liable to break out in  
scrofula or other disease. The best spring  
medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It expels  
every impurity from the blood, and gives  
strength to every function of the body.  
Sold by all druggists.The continuance of the civil service com-  
mission is in danger."Tidings of comfort and joy," Red  
Star Cough Cure relieves throat and lung  
troubles.

## That Tired Feeling

The warm weather has a debilitating effect,  
especially upon those who are within doors  
most of the time. The peculiar, yet common,  
complaint known as "that tired feeling," is  
the result. This feeling can be entirely  
overcome by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla,  
which gives new life and strength to all  
the functions of the body.

## Strengthen the System

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by  
three peculiarities: 1st, the combination  
of remedial agents; 2d, the proportion; 3d, the  
process of securing the active medicinal  
qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual  
strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown.  
Send for book containing additional evidence.  
Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up your system,  
purifies the blood, makes the appetite and  
seems to make you over. J. P. THOMSON,  
Register of Deeds, New York City.  
"Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all other ailments,  
and is worth its weight in gold." L. BARRINGTON,  
120 Bank Street, New York City.Hood's Sarsaparilla  
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made  
only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.  
100 Doses One Dollar.

## LOCAL NOTICES.

## Excitement in Texas.

Great excitement has been caused in the  
vicinity of Paris, Tex., by the remarkable  
discovery of J. E. Corley, who was so help-  
less he could not turn in bed, or raise his  
head, every body being expert in the dis-  
covery. A trial bottle of Dr. King's  
New Discovery was sent him. Finding re-  
lief, he bought a large bottle and a box of  
Dr. King's New Life Pills; by the time he  
had taken two bottles of pills and two  
bottles of the discovery, he was well and  
had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds.  
Trial bottles of this Great Discovery for  
Consumption free at Ludlow & Co's.

## The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Sult, druggist, Hibbs, Ind., testi-  
fies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as  
the very best remedy. Every bottle sold  
has given relief in every case. One man  
took six bottles and was cured of rheuma-  
tism of ten years' standing." Abraham  
Hare, druggist, Belleville, Ohio, affirms:  
"The best selling medicine I ever handled  
in my ten years' experience, is Electric Bit-  
ters." Thousands of others have added  
their testimony, so that the verdict is unani-  
mous that Electric Bitters do cure all dis-  
eases of the kidney, liver and blood. Only  
a half dollar a bottle at Ludlow's drug  
store.

## Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE for the cure for Cuts,  
Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever  
Sores, Tetters, Chapped Hands, Chilblains,  
Corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively  
cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guar-  
anteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money  
refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For  
sale by Charles Ludlow & Co.The United Presbyterian assembly closed  
its session at Hamilton, O. Instrumental  
music will not be excluded from public wor-  
ship, the vote in its favor standing  
140 yeas to 26 nays. Regarding  
the Knights of Labor question, the Assem-  
bly adopted a resolution enjoining mem-  
bers "to abstain from connection with any  
association which might lead to acts of vio-  
lence, or to the invasion of the right of  
property of interference with the liberty of  
men to engage in honest labor when and  
where and for whomsoever they may  
choose."

## LOCAL NOTICES.

GIVE YOUR CHILDREN, for Coughs  
and Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough and  
Hoarseness, Gilman's Magnetic Elixir.  
For sale by Theo. Troupe, druggist.I HAVE been bothered with catarrh for  
about twenty years. I had lost my smell  
entirely for the last ten years, and I had  
almost lost my hearing. My eyes were get-  
ting so dim that I had to get some one to  
read my needle. Now I have my hearing  
as well as I ever had, and I can see to  
thread a fine needle as ever I did, and  
my smell is partly restored, and it seems to  
be improving all the time. I think there  
is nothing like Ely's Cream Balm for Catarrh.  
—Mrs. E. E. Grimes, 67 Valley street,  
Hendrell, Perry county, Ohio.

## SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE

## Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites.

Possesses the remedial power of these two  
valuable substances in their fullest de-  
gree. It is perfectly pure, and is easily  
absorbed by the stomach, and for  
debilitated, sickly children, Emaciation,  
Consumption and all impoverished conditions  
of the blood is unequalled by any other  
remedy.

## Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice,  
having had placed in his hands by an East  
India missionary the